THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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Passion.

Susceptibility of effect from external action.—BACON.
Violent commotion of the mind.—SHAKS.

I.

In sable robe of melancholy hue,
With aspect haggard and dark sunken eye,
Beneath the branches of a blasted yew,
Which creak'd responsive as the wind swept by
With sullen roar or faintly whisper'd sigh;
In pensive numbers a lone sage began,
For whom no task remained except to die;
And as he backward threw a glance on man
Shook off his leaden dreams and thus his musings ran.

II.

The mind! Where lurks it in this subtile frame?
Where holds its empire from itself e'en hid?
Where flits this restless ever-living flame?
The food of passions which, though often chid,
Still, still rebelling, rising still unbid,
Intrude on their own origin, and prey
On their mysterious source, which, never freed
Endures the pleasing thaldrom as the spray
Seems struggling 'neath the vine yet never bursts away.

III.

The mind! 'Tis as some ocean unexplored;
Some sea unforrow'd yet by drifting keel;
Known but by mists its noiseless waves afford,
When passion wakes the tempests which we feel,
And hurtled thoughts in thronging silence steal
On the tired brain, as to that ocean-shore
The busy swells in endless circles wheel;
E'en when the rough gale long has ceas'd to roar,
Self-moved they seem to rise as doom'd to sleep no more.

IV.

Nor yet, alas! can mortals ever know
How first the dead unruffled calm of soul
Which lulls the mind in dormant embryo,
Starts at the summons, yields to the control
Of passion, urging, guiding, reigning sole.—
How first the infant intellect untaught
Amused begins to sweep its fancied whole,
On tiny pinions of dismember'd thought,
In visions wrapt and dreams from utter nothing brought.

V.

A soul impassioned only is a soul:
And he who cannot feel can never think;
For passion is the spring-head of the whole.
Th' immortal nectar which our spirits drink,
Ere they can sunder the tenacious link;—
Burst from this soul-shell and as wild-winds free,
Range unrestrained. They then first learn to shrink
From thoughts that tell them they shall cease to be,
And in their chainlessness discern their own eternity.

VI.

Survey the world, and passion is the same.
The same dominion o'er the passive mind,
Evinces all distinction but in name,
As men from mental bullion grow refined,
Or sunk in rayless ignorance are blind.
One moving principle, and one alone
In ev'ry realm, in every state we find.
Wherever human intellect is known,
Is passion's home; and there its undisputed throne.

VII.

Ask what is love; the Alpine Senn can tell,
In am'rous legends chronicled of yore.
The Turk, the Laplander, and they who dwell
Where suns oppress or polar winters roar;
Though some have never conn'd the whining lore
Of love-lorn fops; yet ev'ry heart has felt
The still, deep, sacred throbs unknown before,
Though glaciers were the shrines at which they knelt,
When in affection's flame confiding spirits melt.

VIII.

Go! Follow westward, where the dying sun
Beholds the tawny savage stretch'd at rest.
Go! view him, for the stirring chase is done.
No battle dreams, no lustful thought unblest
Unchain the dormant furies in his breast.
And he is,—What? A mindless effigy,
A man without a soul. All uncaress'd
His dog, his children through the forests flee
In uncouth gambols and rude woodland revelry.

IX.

But mark him now! Along th' echoing sky
Booms a shrill summons, and the welcome sound
Awakes a grinning devil in his eye.
Quick leaps his blood. Again the airy round
Of fancy's imaging,—the battle-ground,—
The foe,—the death-song and the ambuscade,
Unlock the cells of feeling, the profound
Of thought and passion; and each grove and glade
Brings on his nerves remembrance of his father's shade.

X.

Why in that eye glow vengeance-beaming fires,
Where insects might have crept unscared before?
What viewless energy that soul inspires,
Which, locked in dreamless vacuum no more,
Leaps at the war-call and the thought of gore?
'Tis passion. And by passion tempest-wrought
The mind is ever powerful to soar.
Without it, all is hush'd in calm;—and thought [taught
Sleeps as if chained in spells which ancient wizzards

XI.

Men live on passion, and by passion die:
The mind's incentive is the body's bane:
Surcharged with heat, as wasting fluids fly—
Surcharged with feeling; (nor would we complain)
Our nerves are shatter'd; and the throbs of pain
Swell the strained temples. Yet who would forego
The pleasing spice-like ruin but to gain
A reverie-existence, like the flow
Of swamp-streams dead, yet ever dying as they go

XII.

Who nods o'er Shakspeare may not die of love?—
It may be questioned if he die at all:
Or wears his body loosely as his glove,
And when decayed rejects it. Yet the thrall
Of ev'ry sordid impulse, or the tall
Wind-shiver'd aspirant to empty fame,—
Though each must drink more deep the dregs of gall,
For earth's poor pleasures holds far brighter claim,
Than he whose lamp of life burns out without a flame.

XIII.

True—life a tissue is of good and ill,
But passion is the source from which both spring.
Now mourns the dead, and urges now to kill:—
Oft by the magic of its whispering
The multitude, in clamorous rapture, sing
His praises whom they soon hang on a tree.—
The fires of Moscow, and its plundering;—
The tyrant's wrath;—th' impatience of the free,
Though differing in all else, yet in their cause agree.

XIV.

Each blest affection ever at at its side
Brings one unhallowed. The whole hateful train
Of guilt's propensities sprang first from pride;
And pride the mother is of ev'ry pain—
The first offence of devils, and the bane
Of little pompous occupants of earth;
Who, in their magnanimity, disdain
High Heaven! and conscious of neglected worth
Goad reason into war with Him who gave her birth.

XV.

Thus life 's the canvass in which passion weaves
The story of mankind. And who would know
The history, may read it on the leaves
Of his own heart; may view in embryo
The source of nations' woal—of kingdoms' woe;—

May mark the infant buddings of desire,
Like sleeping embers which he needs but blow,
To wake a flame of virtue, pride, or ire,
Which, uncontroll'd, might bless, or set a world on fire!

XVI.

The flagging hours roll heavily away:
I linger but to look a last farewell
To earth; yet thoughts of many a long gone day
Come o'er me like the distant, dying swell
Of moaning surges; and my strained nerves tell
My spirit is not frozen past all heat:
Though years and care have done their work too well,
My soul's deep caverns,—fancy's dreamy seat
Can vibrate still to raptures sorrowfully sweet.

XVII.

Enough! Yon wasted night-lamp sickens—dies;
And my worn soul shall follow soon its flame,
When passion 's out of fuel: if to rise
To that great source of light from whence it came,
Or shrink in darkness to secrete its shame;
Great God! thou knowest!—This I only know,
If death be mine, mine also is the blame,
Who rules or serves his passions here below,
Shall be a king in heaven, or slave in worlds of woe.

XVIII.

Immortal bliss is but undying love—
Immortal anguish, but unending hate;
And there is not a shining one above,
But by his choosing does his joy create;
Nor is there in the universe a state
Of woe inevitable.—It is well.
Earth's motley group, the abject and the great,
Find but one path to heaven—one to hell,
And bliss and pain begin and end in—passion.—It is well.

XIX.

The Moon is sleeping and I must to rest;
The cock's loud call awakes my reverie,
As it did his who once denied the BLEST.
The stars are looking down all placidly
To view their pictures dancing on the sea,
Which leap and gambol with the blue waves's roll.
Such images I hope, I trust are we
Of what we shall be, when the enfranchised soul
Escapes life's troubled tide, and soars without control.

Musick.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
"Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
"Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
"The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
"And his affections, dark as Erebus!
"Let no such man be trusted."—*Shakspeare.*

IN this short essay, a full discussion of this interesting subject cannot be expected. Its origin lies so far back in the dim shades of the primeval condition of mankind, that modern skill, however strengthened by science and deep research, or animated by curiosity, cannot trace it out. In this, as in all other cases, it is natural for the human mind, when the glimmering light of actual knowledge has become extinct amidst surrounding darkness, still to pursue by conjecture its uncertain course.

We suppose that men, in the early ages of the world, from the abundance of uncultivated land, which in every direction nature had almost superfluously provided, and the ease and facility with which they were ever enabled to feed their flocks and herds, were led to depend upon the cultivation of these for their subsistence. Whether they fed upon their flesh, (which some dispute) or not, is of no consequence to us at present: certain it is, from the best yet faint traces which profane history affords of the early occupations of men, that they were naturally turned to these pursuits. We have, in the inspired volume, a brief yet full evidence that they followed pastoral life, since "Abel was a keeper of sheep," and "Jabal was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle." While thus engaged, much leisure would be afforded the shepherd and the herdsman, and unless resort could be had to some amusement, in order to hasten the tardy steps of unoccupied time, life would be intolerably burdensome. To such a state of things our minds naturally carry us, when we look for an origin of musical instruments. All sounds produce pleasing, or displeasing emotions. This fact is developed in the listening attention, or inquietude of helpless and apparently thoughtless infancy, and is alike substantiated by the emotions of the half-deafened sage, tottering on the confines of the narrow and inevitable grave. Possessed with the disposition to listen with delight to the carols of the feathered tribe, the soothing and soporiferous hum of insects, or hear with deeper interest, the roar of the majestic and mist-canopied cataract, or the voice of the Almighty, as he speaks in awful thunder, man learned to imitate with his own voice the various sounds with which creation is replete. For his amusement, while he watched the grazing flock, we suppose that he not only habituated himself to the iteration of various articulate sounds, but as every step he took, and every percussion of matter against matter produced a noise of some kind or other, taught at length by observation and various experiments, he gradually learned the art of rendering the pastime agreeable by percussionary as well as vocal music. On this supposition we should give the priority of invention to instruments of percussion. But these are mere speculations—a relation of what *might be*, rather than a statement of what *was*, introduced to fill a vacancy, which the want of authentic history with regard to the invention of instruments of music produces. There are so many cases where man proceeds on supposition, when matter of fact fails, that we consider an attempt of the kind, in this case, not altogether reprehensible. Of ancient pastoral life we have proof—that this mode of life was in any connected with the discovery and improvement of musical instruments, is left to conjecture.—These instruments, however, were nearly, and for aught we know, quite as ancient as pastoral life. Jubal, the brother of Jabal, whose occupation we have already noticed, "was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ."

The antedeluvian arts undoubtedly survived the general destruction, though the inspired volume is silent with regard to instruments of music, for about five hundred and fifty years after the deluge, and then we find them introduced by Laban, in his complaint to Jacob, for his clandestine departure from his service, regretting that he was denied the gratification of sending him away "with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp." As the working of metals was pursued in the early ages of the world, resting our conclusions on the proof already advanced, we naturally and reasonably conclude, that these instruments received the aid and skill of artificers. Egypt, "the cradle of the arts and sciences," is generally supposed to have been, if not the birth-place, yet the great nursery of music.

Having endeavored to examine the origin of this art as much as the deficiency of authentic information and our own imperfect knowledge of what is already extant, will permit, we will turn, for a moment, to a prolific store of fabulous information,—not because we deem these contrivances of depraved human nature worthy of any credit in our enquiries after facts, for, in general, they are as incapable of substantiating matters of fact, or throwing any light on divine revelation, or even profane history itself, as the pale phosphoric brightness of the glow-worm is of adding a refulgent radiance to the noon-day sun. But we do it rather because it is the universal habit of investigation—because it gratifies our curiosity, and places in stronger light the superiority of revealed over natural religion, and exhibits more clearly the ridiculous ideas of those, who, "professing themselves to be wise, became fools." Appollo, according to mythology, was the inventor and patron of music, and the conductor of the Muses, who were said to preside over poetry and music. What proportion of musical instruments were invented by these, we are unable to determine; certainly not all of them, for the invention of the lyre was attributed to Mercury, which he is said to have formed from a tortoise shell. Pan, the Arcadian patron of Shepherds and huntsmen, invented a flute from seven reeds, which he called the Syrinx. As the poet of Mantua expresses it,—

"Pan primus calamos cera conjungere pluris
"Ipstituit."

From these brief indeterminate accounts and vague conjectures, we glance at the various uses of this art in society and its effect upon mankind. And in this we stop not to speculate upon the ancient custom of playing upon the lyre, and at the same time singing odes prepared for the purpose, in which sense poets are said *to sing*; nor to repeat the rules, or descant upon the methods of arranging a proper succession of single, or combination of simultaneous sounds. The tastes of men are as various on this as on other subjects. The insipid rattle, which a nurse would use to quiet a crying infant, is sufficient to animate the untutored savage to the dance, nerve every limb and fill the soul with ecstacy—while, again, the piteous moan of suffering nature, the shout of war, or frantic shriek of despair, fall with delight upon his unrefined ear. Some nations as well as individuals delight in effeminate and soothing strains, and others in harsh and grating sounds. Some, in lonely sadness, delight to hear the mournful knell, the rolling of distant thunder, or the melancholy plaint of some disconsolate tenant of the grove; others, the enlivening symphony of instruments of sweetest and cheerful melody, and on other ears yet, nothing falls with half the delight which is conveyed to their minds, while at summer eventide they catch the music of the vespertine songster, or the incongruous voices of the amphibious tribe, or while shaded from the meridian heat, they insensibly fall asleep amidst the enchanting buzzing of Hyblæan bees. From the croaking raven, the sonorous stone of China, or rustic whistle, to the thrilling sounds of the sweetest instruments of human invention, all have their admirers. That all have not a refined musical ear, is too evident to need argument. To one, however much, when musing in sad contemplation, on the dark side of the picture, he may solace himself with mournful sounds, nature has truly no symphony, art no melody. Another can say of the world, as did Shakespeare's Caliban of his enchanted abode,

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears.

Let imagination, rather than the pen, attempt the description of music, upon the mind of man. The thrill, which martial music sends through the soul, while it nerves the arm with more than mortal strength, and clothes the glowing cheeks with bright vermillion, can be but faintly shadowed forth by language. The giddy airs, which kindle thoughtless mirth and glad hilarity, rob mankind of reason. The female, I had well nigh said, the Syren voice, though it cannot utter all the sounds of artificial instruments, is yet endowed by nature, with an irresistable sweetness, which infuses into man, a forgetfulness of himself, and renders him unconscious of the ills of life. Music is one of the few enjoyments, with which the mind cannot be satisfied, and which richly repays us for hours of sadness and dejection. What we should be without it, we do not attempt to say, since it is far beyond

our powers, to imagine situations of this kind. It has been the delight of man in all ages.—Mythology has paid the highest encomiums to its enchanting influence. To the ill-fated minstrel of Thracia, it ascribes the greatest skill in this art, so that even wild beasts stood motionless at the sound of his lyre,

"While Argo saw her kindred trees,
" Descend from Pelion to the main."

Do the cares of life press heavenly upon us, musick refreshes our wearied natures and restores our exhausted spirits. Does corroding pain waste us away, music draws its greedy fangs and seals up its empoisoning mouth.—Though it does not render life an amorous romance, it softens the asperities of mankind and causes them, "like kindred drops to mingle into one." With a glow of feeling, which purer spirits enjoy, man sometimes, in contemplation of divine goodness, mercy and love, seems to catch the strains of that uninterrupted song, which swells the heavenly world. While around the sacred altar, music wafts the soul beyond these sublunary abodes, where unearthly melody breaks upon the enraptured ear. Not to turn to fabulous days of heathen darkness, for proof of its efficacy, our own eyes have witnessed its power, our own breasts can bear testimony of its enchantment. It was this, that vanquished the evil spirit of Saul—it is this, that affords a solace, in many a lonely hour. The expected enjoyment and anticipated employment of one eternal song of 'praise, cheers the expiring christian, and, like the dying swan, he breaks out in sweetest and ecstatick strains, which are but the prelude of one unceasing pæan. Thro'-out the brute and human creation, the effects of musick are powerfully manifest. It charms both the envenomed serpent of India and the ferocious son of the forest. It has been declared in every age, to posses an irrisistible power of enchantment.

Under its influence, says Pope,

"Melancholy lifts her head,
"Morpheus rouses from his bed,
"Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
"Listening envy drops her snakes!"

MISENUS.

Lost Feelings.

"When wilt thou break, dull fetter! When shall I
"Gather my wings; and, like a rushing thought,
"Stretch onward, star by star up into Heaven!"

It was a time of feeling. Many hearts
Were bursting with the swell of their own deep
Emotions; and thoughts were waking which had
Slumbered in the quiet soul so stilly,
That their very being might be doubted:
Thoughts of itself, its immortality.
And the hushed step, and lengthened sigh, and falling tear,
Bespoke no idle musings. 'Twas a time
When holy thoughts were breathed in pure communing
With the King of Kings; such as like incense
Rise from God's pure altar, blent with perfumes
From the sweet gales of Heaven. I had come
Into the place of prayer, and with the worshippers
Had knelt before the consecrated altar.
The hymn had ceased, and one, a holy man,
Stood up in prayer, and gave relief in words
To the deep gushings of his "heart of hearts."
He spoke of life, and death; of life, as one
Who knew, and felt its nothingness, and yet,
Its value felt; of dying, as a stern
Reality. He spoke of Heaven, and Hell,—
Time and eternity—the resurrection
Morn—and fearful retributions that beyond
It lie: and then in softened tones he spoke
Of holy Jesus; of his love, his sorrows
And his death, and how 'twas all for man, until
The heart was softened into tenderness,
And all the pure emotions of the soul,
Were stirred from their low depths to one warm gush
Of feeling, and of sorrow, for the sufferer,
And shame, for man's unthankfulness and guilt.
Just then, a swell of music floated by
Upon the breath of evening; and the sound,
Like the far-off echo of a spirit's voice,
Fell sweetly on the ear. I turned, and through
The open shutter, saw the familiar moon
So calmly sleeping in the far-deep sky,
And the soft bosom of the lake and stream
So gayly sparkling in the silvery light,
That other thoughts came rushing on the mind,
And I forget to think of Jesus. Had
An angel's harp awaked that strain, and breathed
The mellow cadences of Heaven, then
Might that wayward feeling be forgiven.
But it was earthly music; and such as moves
The spirit of the revel; yet I gave,
For this poor, passing, perished strain, I gave
The love of Jesus:—can it be, that love
Will ever smile on me.

AUBREY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The following tale is not so ingenious and original as it would have been, if the author had been more ingenious, and had never read the "Talisman." Or in the words of honest Sancho, "If it was not as it is, it would be different."

The Apostate.

In the crowd of gallant knights who followed the standard of Philip Augustus to Palestine, Louis Valois, though but recently enrolled in the chivalry of France, had already distinguished himself by his reckless daring on the field of battle, and by the stately reserve which marked his intercourse with his comrades in arms.—Possessing a beauty almost feminine in character, and acknowledging no superior in the martial diversions of the age, he never mingled with the gay throng that paid their court at the shrine of beauty, and rarely couched his lance in the tournament. He dwelt in a world of his own, and held communion with the airy creations of an imagination deeply imbued with the romantic legends of chivalry. He had passed the early part of his life in a monastery, and had been accustomed to relieve the tedium and monotony of the cloister, by listening to the tales and songs of wandering Troubadours and

minstrels. He had there imbibed that spirit which gave the coloring to his after life. Reverie, long, fixed, and happy, but futile reverie, filled up the blanks of his existence, and gilded futurity with the brightness of fancy and hope. At such an hour he was the devotee of imagination—the fond slave of credulity. The sweet, unearthly music that blesses the ear of the dreamer, then floated around him: fairy land spread its visioned loveliness before his eyes; and he drank in at the fountains of enthusiasm, the draught too often drugged with future disappointment and wretchedness.

Yet Valois, notwithstanding his eccentricity and abstraction, occupied a high place in the favor of Philip; and his talents, both in the field and in the council chamber were highly appreciated and honored. In their frequent encounters with the Infidels, he rode side by side, with the most daring of the French knights; and where the battle was thickest, his raven plume could be seen above it, hovering like the angel of death over the carnage of battle. When the horns sounded the onset, their blast seemed to fill him with a spirit not his own, so foreign was it from the vacant and careless bearing of his ordinary demeanor. There was an inflation and expansion of the chest, a proud flashing of eye, and a majestic haughtiness of air, which caused even those who surrounded him to gaze with awe and fear. The gorgeous pageantry with which war was at that time decorated, the fluttering of innumerable banners and pennons, the glittering of burnished armour, the "serried line of spears," the barbaric clangor of their martial music might well awaken feelings of high excitement, but could not produce in the common mind, the effects which they wrought on the romantic and high-toned soul of Valois. Chivalry, splendid chivalry has faded from the earth, and exists now only in the reverie of the poet and visionary.

The sun was flinging his last rays on the barren sands of Syria, and lighting up into unnatural lustre the stagnant and desolate waters of the Dead Sea. He shone not upon the silence and solitude which was wont to reign there, but upon a fiercely contested and bloody battle.—The whole force of the Cnristians and Saracens had been engaged from morning till night, and the work of death was not yet done. There is ever a grandeur in battle but this was the height of the sublime. The flower of Europe and Asia had met, and were contending under the great standards of their faith. The Crescent and Cross were reared over the human tide that hove below them; and many an eye as it closed in darkness had fixed its last gaze upon the proud ensign of its religion, and there ceased forever to look upon earth. The faltering prayer of the dying devotee was drowned in the roar of battle; and the horrible realities of individual agony were swallowed up in the rush and magnificence of embattled continents.

The valor of Valois had been conspicuous through the whole of that day's action, and when the Christians at night slowly and sternly fell back before the Infidels, he fought with a desperate recklessness that won the admiration even of his enemies. A gigantic Emir, with a band of swarthy horsmen, closed around the fated knight, and left no alternative but death or captivity. With the chivalrous courtesy alike familiar in the eleventh century to the Frank and Arabian, the Emir motioned to his followers to fall back, and reserved to himself the danger and honor of the encounter. They drew back in a dark circle, and sate with their arrows drawn to the head, silent spectators of the combat.—The result could not be doubtful. The Arabian was a powerful man, past the meredian of life, but still retaining the marks of unimpaired vigor. The hot blasts of the desert had dried up all superfluous flesh, leaving nothing but bone and muscle; and there was a steady calmness in his eye, that bespoke the tried warrior. He bore no marks of the fight in his own person. There was no evidence of past exertion in the rigid composure of his form and face, and had it not been for the dashes of blood that stained the whiteness of his dress, and were still dripping from his scimetar, he might have been mistaken for a cool spectator of the scene which had been acting around him. His antagonist, on the contrary was oppressed with the weight of his armor, and exhausted with the fatigue of unnatural and long continued efforts.

He already reeled in his saddle; but the spirit of the Christian knight was still high and haughty, and stern defiance was gleaming in an eye that scorned submission, and despised death. They contemplated each other for a moment in silence, and with evident admiration. Each was a noble specimen of national character. The conflict was brief. The Arabian passing his victim with the speed of light, and eluding by a dexterous inclination of his body, the oblique and heavy sweep of his sword, buried his weapon in the defenceless back of his adversary. The motion was so rapid as to be almost imperceptible, but the glancing steel was directed with fatal accuracy: and the knight, after a covulsive effort to rear up his sword fell heavily upon the sand. The victor flung himself from his steed, and approaching his prostrate foe, bent over him with a proud but melancholy air upon the noble ruin before him.—He honored in the stranger a spirit akin to his

own; and as he watched the blood welling with feebler and feebler ebb, the changes of his countenance indicated the rapid formation of some unwonted but generous purpose. Commanding his followers to raise the insensible knight upon a litter formed of lances and turbans, the band turned their steps towards the desert, and were soon lost sight of in the obscurity of twilight and distance.

When Valois recovered from the long and death-like swoon that succeeded his excessive loss of blood, he found himself lying upon a carpet spread out in a large tent that seemed by its superior air of comfort, to belong to some person of distinction. There was an air of neatness and taste in the arrangement of the few simple articles of firniture, which can only be given by a female hand; and as he collected his scattered and incoherent thoughts, he had dim recollections of a light form that had flitted before his couch; and which in his periods of languor and insanity, had been confounded with the unnatural dreams and phantoms which crowd the brain of the sick man. Confused images of a fierce and bloody battle, of desperate encountre and defeat, and then of long forgetfulness and death were slowly and painfully forming themselves in his mind, when his meditations were interrupted by a strain of wild, but exquisitely beautiful music. It rose upon the air in full, and joyous richness of harmony, and then died away in a low trembling tone like the spiritual breathings of the wind harp. There was a single moment of stillness, and the music again commenced, accompanied by a voice that surpassed in compass and melody any thing the Christian knight had before heard. The song was a farewell to the setting sun; and the air and words of this vesper hymn were so rich and plaintive, that Valois felt the tears stealing over his face when its last notes trembled on his ears. The canvass door of the tent was gently put aside and the minstrel stood before him evidently astonished at the marks of recovered reason and feeling which his appearance exhibited.

(*Concluded next number.*)

The Revellers.

"———— *But a sound*
" *Of music and of thrilling voices came*
" *From the half opened window.*"
NIGHT SKETCHES.

Smile on, smile on—there's music in
Your mirth, ye joyous ones;
Smile on, for the wildest wake of joy
Is in your laughter tones.

No clouded skies are o'er you now—
Your hearts are light and free;
And in the dance your measured step
To music moveth merrily.

Around your brows gay wreaths are twined,
And your eyes are flashing light;
And a spell, like witchery, is thrown
Around your sports to night.

I've watched your light steps in the dance;
I've watched you in the play,—
And ye looked as Fays in their revelling,
On a Færy's festal day.

The past hath been as an Angel-dream,
Too sweet to remain or tell,—
And all ye have known of careing yet,
Are the sports ye love so well.

A cloud shall gather,—onward then
While your sky smiles bright above,
And the looks ye know and the tones ye hear,
Are the looks and the tones of love.

And gaylier smile,—for soon ye all
Will have hushed your joyous tread,
And some who join in the laugh to-night,
Ye may seek among the dead. AUBREY.

" Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy, [choly."
" When with the charm compared of heavenly melan-

Not the dull melancholy which wraps the mind in gloom—closes the avenues of hope, and throws the pall of bliss upon the soul. Not that degrading melancholy which populates futurity with horrors, and bequeaths to its possessor only an inheritance of wretchedness. This spirit having gained possession of a man's mind, perils all his future felicity. It is not a constant strain of unvarying sadness, but an unnatural elevation and depression of his hopes.—Like the bird which spends the alternate hours of the night in singing notes the most melodious and mournful. Now its pliant voice weaves songs of syren softness, and then turns to dismal croakings which stiffen the blood of every lister with horror. So this unmanly spirit, cheating the soul with the hope of superior bliss, loads it with unmitigated misery. Now the man hopes that every joy of earth will be his, and expands his soul to catch the coming tide of happiness, but disappointed in his first anticipation he sinks back the victim of relentless despair. There is a little improvident insect, a fair pattern of many a melancholy man, which throws off the covering of winter on the first approach of spring, enjoys a momentary sunshine and is stiffened in its nakedness.—Thus with the slave of this delusion, if one ray of light beam upon his darkened vision, he supposes that the winter is past that he has made a sudden transit from a frigid to a torrid zone, his salient heart leaps forth to meet the tide of unmingled happiness, but his sky soon lowers his sun sets, and to him heaven and earth are mantled in impenetrable night. Thus the subject of this mental malady passed through an existence that is but the mere mockery of a life

he is deluded by visions of happiness and driven by phantoms and fears of calamity.

But the melancholy the Poet advocates is of a far different origin and exerts a more blessed influence. It is a calm serenity of soul, a sun that never sets spreading its kind and genial beams over the whole pathway of man. It shines to direct and warms to invigorate, neither exciting high hopes nor threatening with degrading fears. At a small distance above us there is a continual calm, there is an unclouded sky, an unchanging sun. An etherial visitant can look down with contempt on earth's pageantry and pride, but here is a continued change of clouds and sunshine, of light and darkness. As varied as these unequal regions are the different states of melancholy. The subject of the one holds or the even tenor of his way, an unchanging course; the other fluctuates and wavers at every step, laughs in the sunshine and weeps in the storm. An unchanging calm which cannot be disturbed by every flying report, is the feeling which ought to reign predominent in the soul. Without it, man is but the echo of every varying sound, the senseless sport of every changing gale. No two hours of his life are alike; a new hour like a new scene in the drama brings with it another cluster of objects, and if he has not some ruling spirit to bear him through, he will by becoming a chameleon in habit become a chameleon in nature. With it he assumes a noble posture of mind in every circumstance of life. If fortune favors him and he ascends the stream towards affluence or honor, a dignified serenity marks all his movements, if forced in adversity to go down, he descends not like the flexile reed yielding in every whirling eddy, but rides onward like a strong mast defying the force of minor whirlpools. This spirit prepares him to converse with time, he calls up the ghosts of departed hours and feels no terror while he receives from them lessons fraught with rich instruction. He looks on the present and considers it as a precious item in his undying existence. He looks into futurity and while he sees "how swift the shuttle flies which weaves his shroud," learns to employ, with cautious solicitude, every flying moment. With this he is fitted to contemplate nature he can view her in her bridal and mourning habiliment without an unnatural elevation or depression of spirit. He walks forth in the morning of spring and seating himself on some little hillock, beholds the newborn foliage and the springing verdure covering the wide-spreading lawn. All these conspire to expand elevate and fortify the soul. And when he sees the harvest of summer waving in noble pride over the extended plain he feels an admiration for the utility as well as the beauty of natures works. But when autumn strews the earth with marks of its ravage, and natures songsters are retiring from the scenes of delight and bidding farewell to disconsolate man his minds does not again contract. The impulse given to his powers is progressive. Thus each rolling year adds a new expansion of intellect, a new increase of felicity, till ripened by time he is prepared to contemplate on a wider plan the infinite works of God. G.

Items of News.

POLAND.—The aspect of affairs in Poland, by the latest arrivals, is rendered more cheering to the friends of Liberty. The nobility of Podolia, with their dependents had risen almost *en masse* against the Russians and had collected, in a short space of time, an army of about 15,000 men. This new insurrection, almost in the rear of the Russian forces, had caused that part of the Emperor's army under Gen. Kreutz to retreat. He was pursued hotly by the brave Polish General, Dwernecki, who, for his signal services, in capturing the enemy's artillery, has received the appellation of *Cannon Provider*. The Diet has removed from Warsaw to a part of the kingdom remote from that city, and every measure which is calculated to render their resistance to tyranny obstinate and successful, is adopted by the people of Poland.

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ENGLAND.—The Reform Bill has been introduced into the English Parliament by Lord John Russell. It was much more radical in its character than was anticipated, even by the friends of the measure. It disfranchises a great number of rotten burroughs and gives a representation to several large manufacturing cities which were unrepresented before. It passed to its second reading by a majority of *one*, the largest vote ever known in the House of Commons, having been taken.

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FRANCE.—There has been a change in the French Ministry. The question of war in behalf of the Italians and Poles, has been under discussion in the French chambers. La Fayette was in favor of it. The Austrians having entered Bologna, an Italian province the French have declared it a violation of the non-intervention principle and have demanded explanations accordingly. Affairs are warlike in Europe.

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Gen. Jackson's Cabinet has been dissolved.—The causes which have led to this event are not fully understood, but are supposed to exist in the breach between the President and Vice President. Messrs. Van Buren and Eaton resigned voluntarily. Messrs. Branch and Ingham did not resign, until they had received an intimation from the President to that effect. The new Cabinet is said to be composed of the following gentlemen, viz:—Edward P. Livingston, Secretary of State; Louis Mc'Lane, Secretary of the Treasury; Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Navy; and Hugh L. White, Secretary of

War. It is thought, also, that there will be a change in the office of Attorney General.

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Hon. ROLLIN C. MALLARY, the Representative in Congress from this district, died at Baltimore on the 15th ult. Mr Mallary had been sick at Washington, but had so far recovered from the first attack of the disease, as to start on his journey home, when he suffered a relapse which terminated his life. His remains were bro't to Poultney at which place they were interred on the 1st inst. His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Bates, to a large concourse of people.

MR MALLARY, at the time of his death, was Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures. His loss will be severely felt throughout the country. He was a graduate of Middlebury College.

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A Literary State Convention is to be holden at the State House, in Montpelier on the 4th Wednesday of the present month, "to promote the interests of education." The call for this Convention is signed by WM. PAGE, JACOB COLLAMER, BENJ. F. BAILEY, and EPHRAIM PADDOCK, *Commissioners for Common Schools.*

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By news from Antigua, we learn that that Island is in a state of Insurrection. All business is suspended,—martial law is in force, and nobody sleeps but on their arms.

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Doct. Scudder, of New-York, makes artificial eyes which so exactly resemble natural ones, that it is almost impossible to detect them. They are truly *art-eye*-ficial!

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The reason given for the irregular arrival of the Southern Mails is, that the drivers on the *Connecticut* line, *stop to peddle tin-ware.*

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An English paper states that a person at Enfield, crossing a pond, being thirsty and perceiving a hole cut in the ice, stooped down to drink; being possessed of a long red nose, a fish, supposing he had some bait, made a bold snap at it, when the man threw back his head, and drew out a trout weighing 3 lbs. 4 oz.

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SLAVE TRADE.—We rejoice to learn from late English papers that the British squadron on the coast of Africa have been eminently successful in checking this horrible traffic. On the southern coast of the bay of Loango, the Spaniards, Portuguese and Brazilians had destroyed their forts and deserted their slaving establishments. Some time previous to the visit of the Primrose to that quarter, the king of Loango brought 100 slaves to the coast for sale, but finding no slavers on the station, butchered them in cold blood, as he thought it too expensive to feed them. The bleached bones of the unfortunate victims were to be seen on the shores.

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An Alderman of London requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall. 'I must first dine with you,' he replied, 'and see how you open your mouth, that I may know what sort of words will fit it."

The largest ship in the world was lately built at Constantinople, and was to be launched this spring. Her name is Mahmoud. She has a flush deck, and is nine feet wider in her beam than the largest of our line of battle ships! Her length is 234 feet, and her width 63 feet; and her sides are four feet six inches thick.

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"A little boy five years old, who had been furnished with his smoked glass and charged not to look at the sun without it, was seen, to run and drive the cow into the barn, and close the door very carefully. On being asked why he did so, he said *he was afraid the cow would hurt her eyes looking at the eclipse.*"

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A Powerful Preacher. "Ah Sir!" (exclaimed the elder, in the tone of pathetic recollection) 'our late minister was the man! He was a poorfu' preacher, for in the short time he delivered the word among us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and danged the guts out of five Bibles.

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Dean Swift's will. The Dean could not forbear a spice of his humor, even in making his will.—The following is one of the bequests: "*Item*, I bequeath to Mr John Grattan, Prebendary, of Clonmethan, my silver box in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me; in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth called pigtail.

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Rev. Stephen Olin, formerly of Leicester in this state, has been appointed Professor of Belles lettres in the University of Georgia.

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The motto affixed over Lord Brougham's seat in the Court of Chancery, is "pro rege, lege, grege."

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POINTS OF HONOR.—Col. Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Captain Ramsay in one about a servant; Mr Fetherson in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about "an acre of anchovies." One Officer, was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy a second goblet; and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff.

MARRIED, In St. Stephen's Church, in this village, last Tuesday evening, by Rev. S. A. Crane, Mr William Sargeant, to Miss Elizabeth Hough. In Shoreham, 20th ult. Mr Jas. O'Brien to Miss Christina Mitchell. In Whiting, 19th ult. Mr Makenzie Carpenter to Miss Juliet Walker. In Burlington, Mr Matthew J. Doolittle to Miss Elizabeth Camp. In Brandon, Mr Almon Torrey to Miss Lois Cheney. In Castleton, Mr James Kennedy of Cape May, N. J. to Miss Lucy Parker.

DIED, In this village on the 25th ult. Doct. OLIVER B. NORTON, in the 31st year of his age. In this village, on the 25th ult. Miss Elizabeth Brooks, aged 18, daughter of Mr Barzillai Brooks. In Whitehall, Laura Ann Eastman, daughter of Clark Eastman, aged 14 years.

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